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- ART. III.—1. *Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors, during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa; together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado.* By the REV. DR. J. LEWIS KRAPP, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute at Basel, and late Missionary in the Service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa, etc., etc. *With an Appendix respecting the Snow-capped Mountains of Eastern Africa; the Sources of the Nile; the Languages and Literature of Abessinia and Eastern Africa, etc., etc.; and a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa up to the Discovery of the Uyenyesi by Dr. Livingstone, in September last.* By E. J. RAVENSTEIN, F. R. G. S. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. xl., 464.
2. *The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H. M. I. Army; Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 8vo. pp. 572.
3. *Journal of a Cruise on the Tanganyika Lake. Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, the supposed Source of the Nile. Adventures in Somali Land.* By CAPTAIN J. H. SPEKE. Blackwood's Magazine, September, October, November, 1859, May, June, July, 1860. 8vo. pp. 118.

In the issue of this Review for April, 1858, we gave a rapid sketch of recent researches in Africa, especially those of Barth and Livingstone, and the missionaries of the western coast. Though our prediction that Captain Burton would reach the centre of Africa, and perhaps settle finally the vexed problems of the sources of the Nile and of the Niger, has not been fulfilled, it is satisfactory to know that the hiatus in the coast exploration exists no longer, and that the eastern belt of the continent is now as well laid down and defined as the western. The publications named at the head of this article, to which we ought to add Dr. Livingstone's reports to the Royal Geographical Society of his latest expeditions to the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, are an admirable supplement to those which we

catalogued in the former article. Dr. Krapf's volume is an excellent companion to the volumes of Messrs. Bowen and Wilson, and what he says about Jagga and the Wakamba may be fitly compared with what they say about Yoruba and the Fúlbe. Captain Speke reminds us, in more than one respect, of the French General Daumas; and if Captain Burton has less reverence and less simplicity of character than Dr. Livingstone, he is an equally accurate observer, and is master of a more entertaining style. In literary finish, his is the best work of African travel that has yet come under our notice. Indeed, there is almost too much literary effort; and the suspicion will be awakened in some minds, that so brilliant a writer sacrifices truth to effect, and invents the scenes which he describes.

The volume of Dr. Krapf, the first upon our present list, though exceedingly interesting from its various and curious details, leaves upon the mind of the reader a confused and fragmentary impression, a feeling of work half done and of conclusions justified rather by pious desire than by recorded facts. While Dr. Krapf means to commend the regions which he visited as suitable and encouraging missionary ground, the tendency of his narrative will, we think, be quite in the opposite direction. His experience will be more likely to warn evangelists off than to attract them. There is an unpleasant sense that the author is trying to make out a case, and that he has a hard case to make out; and the more he says,—the more he adds of his own disappointments and trials, and the mishaps of his companions,—the stronger does the impression become that the tribes of Eastern Africa are not, as he would have us believe they are, waiting to receive the Gospel. The fortunes of Rebmann and Erhardt, which occupy a large space in the narrative, were as melancholy as his own; and, even without the confirmation of the worldly Captain Burton, we should infer from the admissions of the preacher to East African savages, that the time for bringing these heathen into the Christian inheritance is still very far distant. The tone of Dr. Krapf's book is one of resignation rather than of hope. Its reminiscence of failure runs like a sad-colored thread through all the pictures of scenery and manners, and

the author cannot forget that the lands which he recollects as the theatre of such striking adventure have not been won to God.

Dr. Krapf's prefatory Autobiographical Sketch is at once modest and amusing. He was from childhood predestined to become a traveller and a missionary. At eleven years of age he manifested so much religious promise, that the inmates and intimates of his native German home prophesied that he would be "a parson." At fifteen he went to Basel, determined to be a missionary; and at twenty-seven set out on his first journey to the interior of Abessinia, as the successor of Knoth and the assistant of Isenberg. His pious labors, however, began on shipboard. On the way from Malta to Alexandria a great storm arose, the passengers were greatly alarmed, and were calmed only by Dr. Krapf's reading of passages from the Scriptures. So powerful was the impression produced, that a "French actress" was comforted, and a Maltese "Doctor of Laws" was converted, bought a Bible, started "prayer-meetings" in that Catholic island, and was driven off by the Romish priests. The voyage on the Red Sea had no spiritual results of this kind; but it gave the traveller an opportunity to note the advantages of the deliberate manner of Arab boatmen: if one gets along slowly, one sees the more on the way. On the Persian ship, from Jidda to Mokha, he was able to witness the method of teaching slaves the postures of the Mohammedan religion, of which plentiful curses and boxed ears formed an important part.

It was not until June, 1839, two years and four months after leaving Europe, that the vexatious delays, the goings and returnings by land and sea, ended in bringing Dr. Krapf to his destination in Ankober, the capital of Shoa. Two chapters are occupied in the account of this kingdom and its dependencies, the most novel details of which are concerned with the Abessinian literature and Church. The literary class of this nation are at once schoolmasters, copyists, and acolytes in the churches. The library which they have to multiply consists of less than one hundred and fifty works, all theological and all ancient. The class of Alakas, or unordained superintendents of churches, corresponds to the Monsignori of Rome, both in

the power which they exercise and the respect which they inspire. The faith of the Church is substantially orthodox, dashed by Monophysite heresy. The influence of the Virgin, perhaps, is better defined than at Rome, and the faithful at Shoa can rejoice that the mother of God saved by her dying one hundred and forty-four thousand souls. The most recent religious history in Abessinia is of the strifes concerning the *three births* of Christ. The author of this dogma was a monk of Gondar. He maintained that the first birth was primeval, "before all worlds," the second in Bethlehem, and the third at the baptism. Sixty years of fierce warfare were at last happily terminated by the edict of Sahela Selassie, the Abessinian Constantine, who decreed, in 1840, that the "three births" should henceforth be considered canonical doctrine in the Church, and allowed its sectaries to drive the conservatives out of their assemblies. More recently, it is sad to say, a reaction has again divided the Church, and the people are still in doubt as to the number of times that Christ was born. The "Knife Faith" believers, who have cut off the third birth, are even, Dr. Krapf thinks, a majority. The Abessinians are instant in prayer, unwearied in fasting, and their secular and feast days are about as rare as pleasant days in London. A surplus of devotion compounds for a lack of morality. The king has five hundred wives, and is willing to take a daughter of Victoria in addition, if she wishes to ally her nation to his. The priests are not afraid to violate the seventh commandment, and the monks keep their vows like the monks of Rabelais and Boccaccio. The "thief-catcher" is as celebrated a character, and as much dreaded, as Fouché in Paris or Old Hayes in New York, though his style of operation might seem ill-adapted to win confidence. A servant is made crazy with a preparation of meal, milk, and tobacco, and is followed by the beadle into some house, the owner of which is thus divined to be the thief, and compelled to pay for the stolen goods. No one doubts the accuracy of such divination; but all tremble for its consequences.

Two chapters are given by Dr. Krapf to the Gallas and the unexplored countries beyond them. In these countries there are scattered Christian tribes, uninteresting and barbarous

enough in the main, but not unworthy of a missionary's notice. He tells us how the Guraguans protect their children from being kidnapped at night by covering them over with thick stakes, hiding them literally under a wood-pile; how the patriarch of Abessinia, unable to go as far as Susa in the South, and to breathe upon the candidates for ordination, sends them a leather bag full of his breath, which they can squeeze out in small quantities as it is wanted; how the pigmy Dokos, four feet high, pray with head on the ground and feet in the air, and feed on snakes, ants, and mice; how the men of Kaffa plough with staves, and the men of Senjero elect their king, like the old Romans, by the flight of birds, choosing the man on whom a vulture lights; how the Senjere custom of selling only women into slavery arose from the politeness of a wife, who sent to the sick king a slice of her husband's flesh as a cure; how the sacrifice of Abraham is statedly repeated, and the death of the first-born is necessary to secure at Senjero a propitious harvest; how a white elephant is as sacred in Enarea as in Ceylon or Burmah, though the respect for this color does not extend to the human subject; how there is a story of a city on the Suahili coast with "walls of copper," more than repeating the "gates" of brass of the ancient time, and a legend of a column of brass before the capital of Senjero, huge as the Rhodian Colossus; and many other pleasant oddities. Of the Gallas, the "coming" Christian nation of Africa,—the counterpart of the Germans in Europe,—Dr. Krapf furnishes a minute account. Their color is dark brown; their hair is like a mane, their limbs are anointed with butter, they ride swift horses, talk incessantly, practise magical rites, worship the serpent, which they regard as the mother of the human race, and hold, like the Druids, their religious services under the shadow of a sacred tree. Most of them are heathen, in the opinion of Dr. Krapf, though he claims that many of their sacred names have a Christian sound, and denies that they are worshippers of idols. One tribe keeps every *fourth* day as a Sabbath. The seven tribes of the Wollo-Gallas are Moslems. Connected with the Thursday and Friday morning prayer-meetings of these tribes is the *Wodaja*, or social union, where they not

only, like our modern pseudo-spiritualists, wait for "revelations," but also smoke largely,—and have coffee and Chat, which, as in English religious gatherings, is the synonyme of "tea."

In 1842, while Dr. Krapf was absent at Cairo, looking after a wife, his mission in Shoa came to an end by the will of the despotic monarch, and he was compelled to seek another field of African labor. He chose the coast of Suahili, near the latitude of the equator, and, after the delay of more than a year, reached Zanzibar in January, 1844. From that time until the autumn of 1853, a period of nearly ten years, with the interval of a visit to England, he was employed in voyages along the coast, from Mombaz to Cape Delgado, some six hundred miles, in short journeys among the inland coast tribes, and in the general work of his mission. Along with the narrative of his own labors and journeys he gives the narrative of his colleague, Rebmann, and the accounts of both may be joined in a view of the country. The most northern and the most interesting of the tribes described are the Wakamba, who inhabit the region northwest of Mombaz, and about three degrees south of the equator. The first view of these savages seems to justify the theory of Lord Monboddó. Their chief article of dress is a thong around the loins, by which hangs an unquestionable tail of leather. Originally nomadic, they have been forced by want to adopt settled habits, and now, in spite of their laziness and nudity, are not unskilful either in farming or in trading. Their forms are slender, their skins smooth and dark; but they have no negro features, and are quite different from the races which surround them. They are comparatively rich, both in flocks and herds and in domestic ornaments, and they have a great contempt for the inferior negro races. According to Dr. Krapf's observation, they have no king and no general laws; but each family is ruled by its own head, according to traditional custom. Great stature, fluency of words, and the faculty of magic, are the gifts which secure for any one popular reverence. Their numbers are reckoned at seventy thousand. Their reputation for truth, honesty, and humanity is bad; but Dr. Krapf found in several instances that the people were better than their fame,

and was cared for by them sometimes with a truly Christian tenderness. His general impression, however, agrees with the common estimate, and he painfully proved that no dependence can be placed on the courtesy or gratitude of a superstitious tribe; and we quite agree with his quaint conclusion from the outrages and robberies to which he was subjected, that "a permanent residence among the Wakamba must be an unsafe and doubtful enterprise."

Another curious tribe of savages calling themselves "Loikob," or aborigines, are the Wakuafi and Masai, who, in spite of their common origin, are deadly foes to each other. They live a wholly pastoral and wandering life, eating only meal and milk, and treating all the tribes around them as enemies to be plundered. They are a handsome race, tall, light in complexion, and their females, when reduced to slavery, are favorites in the Arab harems. They wear leather dresses, and their personal attire is far more decent than that of the Wakamba. Their men are warriors, and their bands for war or chase are thoroughly organized by age not less than by strength. Their chief is elected, and their government is that of a military republic, in which the old men give counsel, while the young men do the work. Unlike the other tribes, they kill their prisoners instead of making slaves of them; and they are very suspicious of all foreigners. They are kind to beggars and blind men. Their sacred place is the great snow mountain Kilimanjaro, which overlooks their land, and fertilizes the soil by its descending streams. There dwells Engai, their mystic god, to whom they pray for temporal blessings, asking no other. Though they practise circumcision, they have no Sabbath, and the medicine-man is their only priest.

The tribes near the coast, among which most of the missionary work of Krapf was done, have the general name of Wanika. They are a pliable set, and will change their religion if they can get something to eat, only changing back again when they are satisfied. They have a contempt for those who want anything more than clothes, corn, and wine; — "these are their heaven." Their chief superstition is a fear of the roaring Muansa, which they believe to be a wild

beast in the wood, but which is really a hollowed tree made to send forth by friction hoarse and unearthly sounds. Only the initiated are allowed to know the secret of this charm, or to own any specimen of it. All the rest, under penalty of a heavy fine, must hide when the dreadful roaring begins, and often all night long the people tremble in their houses at this voice of the monster. The Wanika have four kinds of ordeals; — that of the *red-hot hatchet*, which burns the hand of a criminal, but spares an innocent man; that of the *copper kettle*, from which only an innocent man can take out unharmed the hot mango-stone; that of the *hot needle*, which draws blood or not from its passage through the lip, as the accused is or is not guilty; and that of *poisoned bread*, which will stick in the guilty throat, but be swallowed by the innocent. Their notion of the end of the earth is that it is buried in a great morass in the west of Africa. Their eschatology is not very clear, and their belief in spiritual existence is confined to a notion of Koma, a sort of shadowy state, which is sometimes under and sometimes above the earth, and shows itself in the lightning. Dr. Krapf finds in this Koma a door for the entrance of Christian ideas.

The journeys of Rebmann, which are given in the volume of Dr. Krapf, were to Mount Kadiaro, some hundred miles from the coast, and to the Jagga country, still farther inland. In the first of these journeys, the most remarkable things which he saw were two magic staves stuck in the hill-side, which the people would carry along with them as talismanic protectors, — the curious animal called Baschi, of which the young are like swine and the old like gray asses, — the huge perpendicular rock-mountains, piled one above another like terraced forts, — the quantities of beads and brass-wire worn on the bodies of the women, — and the striking resemblance of the porters bent under their loads, to the configuration of the continent of Africa. He reckons the whole number of the Teita tribe, which dwell around this mountain, at one hundred and fifty-two thousand. To Jagga, Rebmann made three journeys. In his notes of these he mentions the liquor “Jofi,” prepared from sugar-cane, — the great number of elephant pits which make travelling dangerous, — the custom of greet-

ing the king by presenting a "handful of grass," — the fastening of a bit of skin from the forehead of a slaughtered sheep upon the middle finger of a guest, as a token of friendship, — the use of a *fork* for hair ornament, — milk placed on the graves of the dead, — the substitute for salt, a kind of earth dissolved in water, called "Emballa," which cures sick cattle, — the usual way of speeding the parting guest, by *spitting* upon him, for which courtesy, moreover, he is expected to pay liberally, even to the surrender of his coat, — the edible birds-nests, which the savages eat with the gusto of genuine Chinamen, — and the great attention of the Jagga people to ablutions and cleanliness. Rebmann, in spite of his aversion to the superstition of the Mganga or medicine-man, was mistaken for one by the people, who would not be persuaded out of the notion that a rhinoceros which ran away instead of attacking them was put to flight by the Bible in the missionary's pocket. His observations on the manner in which missions to the Jagga tribes should be conducted are very sensible. He would have a "good doctor and some useful mechanics" go with the preacher. He would have good farmers go there, to show the people how to till the soil, and families, to show in practice and life the essence and value of the Gospel. He would have the missionaries support themselves, and show thus that Christianity makes men independent. The religion on which he relies to convert the Wasoro and the Wanika is not a religion of dogmas, but, as he says, "muscular Christianity." The roads leading to Jagga from the coast are very bad, and access is difficult. But when this difficulty is overcome, the missionary finds a healthy climate, an orderly people, beautiful scenery, and as many encouragements as can be enjoyed in any African tribe. To his touching narrative he appends the original stanzas recited when the glass of Jofi was offered to him, which compare favorably with similar productions in Christian lands. These, as translated, read, —

"Stranger this went out from his,  
Came to me;  
'Maina, let us talk, let us unite!'  
I to him: 'Let us speak as joyous friends,  
Let us pray to Heaven together

The land to bless !  
Sickness ! — Depart from village mine.  
Stranger this, whereunto he goes,  
May he not see anything in the way ;  
Not kept back by thorns,  
Not kept back by long grass ;  
Meet not with elephants ;  
Meet not with rhinoceroses ;  
Meet not with enemies !  
When he reaches Jagga,  
People of Jagga, pleasure him !  
I pray the spirit of father mine,  
And of the mother mine, him to let arrive ;  
Man this, may he come,  
May we meet. I with him to rejoice !”

Dr. Krapf gives the narrative of two journeys which he made to Usambara,\* a province to the southwest of Mombaz, inhabited by the Wasambara and the Washinsi. Of the characteristics and customs of these tribes he has little to say. He notes their way of casting out demons by firing guns ; estimates the number of subjects of the Washinsi King Kmeri at *half a million*, which is clearly extravagant ; finds the king “lying on a bed” when he is summoned to the audience ; is pleased to see the queen doing her own work, though she has plenty of slaves ; is charmed to escape the annoyance of beggars, both official and unofficial ; is reminded of Switzerland and the Black Forest by the romantic scenery ; observes that there is no need of the savages painting themselves near the capital of Usambara, since they have “only to squat on the ground” to have their bodies assume its color, — the color being that which New Jersey farmers bear about them in dry weather ; is allowed by the king to settle at *Tongue*, certainly a good place for a preacher ; hears some strange stories about the Wadoie, how they drink out of their enemies’ skulls, how their shields are so large that half a dozen men can hide at once behind them, and how the Wadoie king was

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\* In the East African dialects the letter U prefixed to the word indicates the name of the country, the letter M indicates a man of the country, and the letters Wa indicate the plural collective expression for the race in general. Thus “Usambara” is the region which the “Wasambara” inhabit, and an individual of the tribe would be a “Msambara.”

frightened by a fog on the mountain, taking it for the covering of an army of tobacco-smokers. His interview with King Kmeri on his second visit to Usambara has some imposing features. The grave, barefooted blackamoor, seated on his bedstead, with his tobacco-pipe, receiving delegations who salute him as the "Lion of Heaven," but whom he answers only by humming an "M," and whose cough makes all the courtiers ejaculate "Muisa," equivalent, we suppose, to the Christian "God bless us," gives us an admirable cabinet picture. Dr. Krapf won some privileges from this sable potentate, but did not succeed in converting him to Christianity, either by the gift of "colored caps," or by his still more taking arguments. Kmeri obstinately preferred to talk about business, and was indifferent to his soul's salvation. His parting present to the king was somewhat unlike the keepsakes usual on such occasions. His Majesty felt unwell, and Dr. Krapf left him an *emetic*, consisting of twenty-seven grains of ipecac, rather a tough dose, and somewhat dangerous withal to the giver as to the receiver, since it is customary in Usambara to kill the physician if his prescription fails to cure. Dr. Krapf's present, however, produced the desired effect, and he saved at once his credit and his head. The climate of Usambara Dr. Krapf pronounces to be good, with the reservation of the inevitable acclimating fever; and he is delighted with the good despotic government, so much better than that of the free Wakamba. "Certainly," he enthusiastically exclaims, "a monarchy is thrice as good as a republic, whether it be savage or civilized"!

In 1850 Dr. Krapf made a voyage down the coast from Mombaz to Cape Delgado, a distance of some six or seven degrees. The coast line here is dangerous for vessels, abounding as it does in islands and reefs, and imperfectly surveyed and mapped. Beyond the mouth of the river Pangani, which is nearly opposite to the island of Zanzibar, there are nine tribes of savages, the Wasegua, Wadoie, Waseramu, Wakatoa, Watumbi, Wagnindo, Wamuera, Makonde, and Makua, all subject to the rule of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In the territory of all these tribes there is not a single good harbor, and in all of them the slave-trade prevails. Beyond their territory the

coast is subject to the Portuguese. On the islands along this coast, guano is found in great quantities, and *cowries*, the currency of West Africa, form an important article of export. The most important town is Kiloa or Kilwa, the principal depot for the slaves and ivory of the interior, and the point of departure for caravans to the great Lake Nyassa. From ten to twelve thousand slaves annually pass through this port. The shortest route between Kilwa and the Lake Nyassa can be traversed in ten or fifteen days; but the caravans usually touch the lake at a point farther south, and occupy forty days in the journey. A few details concerning the lake, taken from the record of missionary Erhardt's conversations with the natives, are given here. It is shut in by mountain chains; there are four ferries across it; none attempt to make the passage except in a dead calm, which is divined beforehand by the dropping of meal; father and son, or two brothers, never attempt to make such a dangerous expedition together; and the safe return of any one is celebrated by a *kirosi*, a sort of Thanksgiving feast. Those who will not attempt the passage are nicknamed "*Kiwirenga Masira*," — *egg-counters*, — and are regarded with the same contempt as the Nantucket man who has not killed his whale. The recent discoveries of Dr. Livingstone will make us more fully acquainted with this inland sea.

In the concluding summary, Erhardt furnishes a curious list of the resources and products of Wanika land, the animals and birds, tame and wild, the cereals and vegetables, of which he enumerates twenty-one, five oil-producing plants and three resinous, nineteen cultivated and six wild fruit-trees, and twenty useful forest-trees, the wood of which is good for cabinet-work and ship-building. There are many products fit for exportation, the principal being oranges, limes, lemons, tamarinds, sugar-cane, — *Grafu*, *Delladini*, and *Mandano*, three substances the nature of which he does not explain, — cotton, and a substitute for cotton and feathers, called *Sufu*, which grows on high trees, — arrowroot, sweet-flag, the five kinds of oil, and, of the interior products, the ivory of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, the horns of the buffalo and antelope, and ostrich-feathers. Of domestic manufactures, the

only article likely to find sale abroad is the mats of rush and grass. There are mines of coal, iron, and antimony, which may be worked, and precious stones are found in considerable numbers. The various woods, too, would perhaps pay for transport.

We shall not attempt to give even an analysis of the short sketch of East-African history which closes the narrative of Dr. Krapf. It is not at all important in illustrating either the progress or the present condition of the land. The author intimates that the Queen of Sheba may have been ruler over this region, and that the disputed Ophir may be fixed upon this coast. His argument will hardly settle that question. Arrian's *Periplus*, and the few notes of Cosmas Indicopleustes, help to make visible the darkness which covers this land down to the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The Arab rule lasted for more than eight centuries, till the Portuguese rule began; and the Portuguese rule, yielding gradually, however, to the Arab reaction, did not finally cease till a period within the memory of the living. The Arabs did something for the civilization of the coast, and the traces of their influence are the chief spots of brightness in the general barbarism. The Portuguese benefits are very few, and the curse which the tyranny of that Christian power entailed has neutralized nearly all the salutary influence of the Moslem sway. Frequent revolutions have diversified in this century the history of Eastern Africa as they have the history of Southern America, and the end of these revolutions has by no means yet come. The land is still as spiritually waste as in the days of Solomon, nor have the missionaries succeeded in speaking an effectual word for its regeneration. Apart from the details of geographical formation and domestic life, the most valuable result of the mission of Krapf and his companions is the linguistic contributions they have brought back. And the most curious thing in the volume we have noticed is Appendix IV., which catalogues no less than one hundred and seventy-four works illustrating the languages of Eastern Africa, vocabularies, grammars, translations, and geographical works. If the Church proper has not received a large return in these missionary labors, the science of philology owes to them a lasting

debt of gratitude. Dr. Krapf's accuracy as a linguist, we are aware, has been questioned, and even ridiculed in high quarters ; but, making all allowance for errors and hasty deductions, his works on the dialects of Africa will be for him a sufficient and noble monument.

We turn now to speak of the travels of Captains Burton and Speke, which open for us a part of the African country which the missionaries have not visited. Captain Burton, in spite of his arrogance, levity, and irreverence, will always be a charming writer. His pages have a fascination, even when the detail is dry ; and he has enough of the spirit of daring adventure to make him a hero. But we must take leave to protest against the contemptuous way in which he has seen fit to treat his companion and former friend. We are not informed as to the first cause of the quarrel ; but the expression of scorn and vindictive hatred which pervades all notices of Speke's part in the expedition is unworthy of such a gentleman as Captain Burton pretends to be. The tone is not reciprocated ; and when Captain Speke has occasion to mention his superior officer, it is always with respect, though it is quite evident that there is no special friendship on his side. This contemptuous speech about his companion is the greatest blot in Captain Burton's volume, and it is feebly excused by the slight Preface. We do not find in Speke's narrative that claim of superiority of which Burton accuses him. He tells only what he did when separated from his commandant, and his journeys are strictly a supplement to the journeys of his associate. The sneer at his ignorance of the Arabic tongue, so often repeated, does not seem just, since he knew enough to get all needful information. The sympathy of Captain Burton's readers, forced to witness an unexplained strife, will inevitably go with the object of his abuse ; and the last conviction of all will be, that, whatever other advantages the society of so accomplished a traveller may bring, Captain Burton is a very difficult person to get along with.

The expedition organized by the Royal Geographical Society for East-African discovery, consisting of Captain Burton as principal and Captain Speke as assistant, with fourteen servants of various races, left the harbor of Zanzibar on the 16th

of June, 1857, and on the following day anchored off the coast of Africa. At this point the narrative begins. The period of exploration extends to March, 1859, nearly two years, the larger part of which was spent in the inland region and in actual journeying. After his return to Zanzibar, Captain Burton made a short voyage down the coast to Kilwa; and he promises in another volume to give the results of this voyage in connection with details concerning the Zanzibar coast. Bulky as the present volume is, it contains no superfluous matter; and it is very difficult to condense an adequate notice of it into the limits of an article. The full and admirable tabular views, appendices, index, map, and illustrations, which accompany the volume, greatly assist, nevertheless, a rapid survey. The length in hours of each day's march, and the name of each stopping-place in the different regions from the coast to the Tanganyika Lake, with the latitude and longitude of the principal towns, and the height of the principal mountains, greet the reader at the very commencement of the book, and forestall the probable confusion of so long a series of records. The plan of division which Captain Burton has adopted makes the way of his journey as clear as a journey in any civilized land. The rectilinear distance from Kaole on the coast to Ujiji on the lake is 540 geographical miles, which the inequalities of the ground increase to 796 statute miles, the necessary *détour* in the route adding 159 miles more, making the distance actually travelled 955 miles. The time occupied in travel was 420 hours, which would make the average marching rate a little more than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles in each hour,—a reasonable speed when the numerous difficulties of the way are considered. This broad belt of territory Captain Burton separates into five regions, taking marked natural features for the lines of division, and stopping, after his narrative of travel across each of these five regions, to give its geography and ethnology. The *length* of the various regions, of course, he has to assume, and the river boundaries which he adopts are arbitrary and not to be taken as exact. The breadth is given in geographical miles.

The first of these five regions is the *maritime* region, extending from the shore of the Indian Ocean to the mountain

chain of Usagara. Its breadth is about 92 miles, and its average length about 110 miles. Its surface is level or gently undulating, its soil is very rich, its forests are thick, its grains and fruits are abundant; the numerous villages are hidden in the bushes or the grass, which grows to a height of twelve feet, and has stalks the thickness of a man's finger; branching rivers supply by their inundations sufficient water, and roads run from the coast in every direction. The climate is very sultry and oppressive; fevers, of a peculiar and violent kind, are frequent, but short; and copious rains fall during most of the year. Three principal and two minor tribes inhabit the region. The first is the tribe of Wazaramo, a tall race of negroids, whom Captain Burton stigmatizes as "ill-conditioned, noisy, boisterous, violent, and impracticable." Their peculiarities are that they thatch the hair with red clay, wear a collar of colored beads, dress elegantly, impale the heads of thieves at the entrance of their villages, burn witches, and sell or murder twins. Albinos are very frequent in this tribe. Copal-digging is their principal business when the wet season prevents them from cultivating the ground with their hoes. In the autumn they burn their prairies. Of the next tribe inland, the Wak'hutu, the most noticeable facts are their tattooed breasts, their front teeth ground to a point, their miserable houses, their excessive laziness, and their proverbial treachery. A third tribe, the Waziráhá, are mentioned only as having more beard than the others. Of the other tribes, Burton observes, that the Wadoe gash the cheeks for ornament, bury their chiefs in a sitting posture with the forefinger protruding above the ground, and with a live male and female slave to serve in the death-world, and drink out of unpolished human skulls,—and that the Wazegura live in anarchy, and are outlaws and kidnappers.

The principal town of this first region is Zungomero, situated on its western border, just at the foot of the mountains. It has the peculiar attractions of an African capital, and is a great centre of inland traffic. Provisions are abundant and cheap, and in one respect there is a resemblance to a German city,—everybody drinks beer and smokes a poor quality of the weed. The African weed here, however, is not tobacco,

but *bhang*, and the African pipe holds a quarter of a pound. The African beer, too, the name of which is *pombe*, is a trifle less palatable than the "*echt Baiersch*" of Munich. The houses of Zungomero are less spacious and sumptuous than Roman palaces, though they remind one of these in their variety and quantity of vermin. They are, to use Captain Burton's graphic summary, "leaky huts, full of hens and pigeons, rats and mice, snakes and lizards, crickets and cockroaches, gnats and flies, and spiders of hideous appearance, where the inmates are often routed by swarms of bees, and are ever in imminent danger of fires." The hotels of such a city must be a shade less commodious than the "Stadt Rom" of Leipsic, or the "Albergo Reale" of Terracina, which we have been accustomed to take as the extreme types of dirt and discomfort. Everything in Zungomero is damp; lucifer-matches will not burn; powder will not explode; paper becomes pulp; all metals grow rusty; and the dews are heavy enough to float a Western steamboat. The attractions of Zungomero are, in more than one respect, those of the American "Cairo."

In this interesting village was found a hut, of which the roof was a sieve, the walls were systems of chinks, and the floor was a sheet of mud. Captain Burton was compelled to make a halt of a fortnight to form his caravan, and to make preparation for his future journey. In "masterly inactivity" the East African, whether sovereign or slave, excels even the most conservative of English or American office-holders. The *dolce far niente* interprets the universal custom of African races. The caravan, as finally made up, was a remarkable body, and the description of its several groups and fraternities, their costumes, their characters, their features of body, and their mutual relations, is very graphic. None of them, from the English captain down to the lowest porter, are favorites with the head of the expedition. The two interpreters, Bombay and Mabruki, are lazy, surly, proud, and ugly. The two hybrid Portuguese are weak, wasteful, and voracious. The Baloch, the body-guard of the host, — twelve followers of the Jemadar Mallok, kindly lent for the occasion by the Sultan of Zanzibar, their master, — are all marked personages. The captain is a one-eyed hypocrite; the two graybeards are two

knaves ; Shahdad is a fast young man, who abuses the "H" like a London cockney ; Ismail is a confirmed consumptive ; Belok is the snob, who is conceited and always making trouble ; Abdullah is the "good young man," who prays, cries, and loves his mother, but does not hesitate to steal all he can lay hands on ; Darwaysh is the spy of the captain ; Seedy Jelai is a coward, who hates to be called a "nigger" ; Khudabakhsh has a quiet, dignified manner, which quite belies his actual malice and rascality ; Gul Mohammed, learned in medicine, science, and divinity, is a strange union of good and bad, the bad predominating ; Hudul, the tailor-boy, has the faculty of misunderstanding what all around him say ; and altogether, the baker's dozen of Baloch are an extraordinary cohort. Next to the Baloch in rank were the sons of Ramji, the guides and armed escort, a company of nine slaves, swaggerers, and cheats, whose chieftain, Kidogo, — or Mr. Little, in English, — did full justice to his name both in conduct and stature. Extortion was the rule, and truth the rare exception in his intercourse. Five donkey-drivers proved that the nature of the beast was that of the master in an aggravated form. The lowest order was the Wanyamwezi porter company, — thirty-six souls, — who, "even in their own estimation, were but little above the asses." These human beasts of burden were loaded as regularly as the other animals. Old men were among them, who worked as hard and quite as well as the younger. The average load of these African Issachars is from fifty to seventy pounds, besides weapons and private property, and they go better in proportion as the load is larger. This load is made up principally of beads, wire, and cotton cloth, which constitute the currency of all the East-African country. Colored beads are preferred, and are taken in exchange for slaves and provisions. Of cloth, the favorite kind is the unbleached product of New England mills. Salem industry bears the palm in the exchange of Zungomero, though Captain Burton predicts that the trade in "Merkani" stuff will go down before long.

On the 7th of August, 1857, the caravan of Captain Burton started, with its full complement of men and beasts, and its plethoric outfit of goods, clothes, medicine, books, and in-

struments, for its perilous and fatiguing journey over the Usagara Mountains. The ascent began in five hours after leaving Zungomero; and on the 18th of September, after a march of forty-two days, and the loss of a large portion both of beasts and property, the land of Ugogo was reached, and the travellers had leisure calmly to review the labors, dangers, and sufferings of their transit. This *second* East-African region, measured diagonally, as the course of the way requires it to be measured, is computed to be eighty-five geographical miles. No estimate can be made of its length. It is altogether a mountain region, diversified only by high table-lands and deep basins. The highest peaks reach an elevation of six or seven thousand feet, and one actually tested by the thermometer was five thousand seven hundred feet in height. The faces of the hills toward the sea are abrupt, and the precipices are often difficult to scale. There is plenty of forest, of running water, and, as a natural consequence, of fruits and flowers, though the population is more sparse, and the culture of the soil less cared for, than in the first region. The climate is cold and damp, unwholesome below, but healthy above. In the basins, the atmosphere is loaded with a haze almost Italian, while on the summits the clearness is wonderful. The principal mountain chains run from north to south, traversed by shorter chains from east to west, thus giving to the land a checkered aspect. This mountain region is mainly inhabited by the tribe of Wasagara, with their sub-tribe, the Wakwivi. The most marked peculiarity of this tribe is their singular head-dress of ringlets and pigtails, dressed out with feathers, which recalls to Captain Burton the classical coiffure of ancient Egypt. The ears are not merely bored for ornament, but are made so large in the opening, that musical instruments and snuff-boxes are safely carried there. The common dress, of untanned sheepskin, is taken off and packed away when it rains, and worn only in pleasant weather. For weapons, they use bows and arrows, spears made out of old hoes, and bill-hooks with the blade at a right angle. Each village has its head man, and all are subject, after a fashion, to the central sultan. The tribe has no peculiar moral characteristic. Its business is

fighting and plunder, and few travellers through the territory are so fortunate as to escape without robberies, not to say murders, in their company.

Captain Burton's journey through this second region was fertile in new experiences. The passage which we extract will show his first impressions of the mountain, and may pass as the most elaborate piece of fine writing in his volume.

“There was a wondrous change of climate at Mzizi Mdogo; strength and health returned as if by magic; even the Goanese shook off the obstinate bilious remittents of Zungomero. Truly delicious was the escape from the nebulous skies, the fog-driving gusts, the pelting rain, the clammy mists veiling a gross growth of fetor, the damp raw cold, rising as it were from the earth, and the alternations of fiery and oppressive heat; in fact, from the cruel climate of the river-valley, to the pure, sweet mountain air, alternately soft and balmy, cool and reviving, and to the aspect of clear blue skies, which lent their tints to highland ridges well wooded with various greens. Dull mangrove, dismal jungle, and monotonous grass, were supplanted by tall solitary trees, among which the lofty tamarind rose conspicuously graceful, and a card-table-like swamp, cut by a net-work of streams, nullahs, and stagnant pools, gave way to dry, healthy slopes, with short, steep pitches and gently shelving hills. The beams of the large sun of the equator — and nowhere have I seen the rulers of night and day so large — danced gayly upon blocks and pebbles of red, yellow, and dazzling snowy quartz, and the bright sea-breeze waved the summits of the trees, from which depended graceful lianas, and wood-apples large as melons, while creepers, like vine tendrils, rising from large bulbs of brown-gray wood, clung closely to their stalwart trunks. Monkeys played at hide-and-seek, chattering behind the bolls, as the iguana, with its painted scale-armor, issued forth to bask upon the sunny bank; white-breasted ravens cawed when disturbed from their perching-places; doves cooed on the well-clothed boughs, and hawks soared high in the transparent sky. The field-cricket chirped like the Italian cigala in the shady bush, and everywhere, from air, from earth, from the hill slopes above and from the marshes below, the hum, the buzz, and the loud continuous voice of insect life, through the length of the day, spoke out its natural joy. Our gypsy encampment lay

‘By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.’

“By night, the soothing murmurs of the stream at the hill's base  
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rose, mingled with the faint rustling of the breeze, which, at times broken by the scream of the night-heron, the bellow of the bull-frog in his swampy home, the cynhyena's whimper, and the fox's whining bark, sounded through the silence most musical, most melancholy. Instead of the cold night rain, and the sougling of the blast, the view disclosed a peaceful scene, the moonbeams lying like sheets of snow upon the ruddy highlands, and the stars hanging like lamps of gold from the dome of infinite blue. I never wearied with contemplating the scene, for, contrasting with the splendors around me, still stretched in sight the Slough of Despond, unhappy Zungomero, lead-colored above, mud-colored below, wind-swept, fog-veiled, and deluged by clouds that dared not approach these delectable mountains."— pp. 125, 126.

This rose-colored view, however, did not continue all the way to Ugogo, and the traveller was glad at last to see the other side of the mountains, and to get a few days of rest, even at the sacrifice of some atmospheric and landscape charms. His barometers were broken, his asses died, he was deceived by the traders who met him, his own men lied, the streams were forded with difficulty, the nights were made wretched by mosquitoes, Dr. Livingstone's *tzetze* tortured the beasts, white ants destroyed the bedding, half the men were prostrated by one disease or another, and when the company arrived at Ugogo, they were in a sufficiently miserable plight. It is wonderful that Captain Burton, with such varied and incessant vexations, could note so many details of scenery and life in his journey. His sketch of the Lady Sikujui, "*mulier nigris dignissima barris*," whose name being translated was, "Don't know," and who had a dozen husbands on the way, reminds one of Boccaccio's tale of the daughter of the Sultan of Babylon. For four days the party remained at Ugogi, on the 22d of September set out with nine asses and fresh porters to cross the land of Ugogo, and on the 28th of October reached Tura, the frontier district of Unyamwezi. The diagonal breadth of this third region is one hundred and fifty-five miles, with an estimated length of one hundred and twenty miles. The surface of this region is level, sprinkled over with dwarf cones, with rocks and boulders. The soil is dry, sandy, and for the most part barren. No rivers intersect the plains, and water is everywhere scanty. The trees

are bushy and stunted, the plants are mainly worthless, the ground is baked by a fiery sun, whirlwinds devastate the fields, there are sudden changes of temperature, and the nights are cool, as on the Arabian desert, and altogether the region is not an inviting one. The most remarkable vegetable productions are the calabash-tree and the various species of *Euphorbia*. The saline and succulent nature of most of the plants prevents them from burning, and the supply of food from the soil is extremely limited. In compensation for this, the land is rich in wild game, and the carnivorous propensities of the African are here fully satisfied. The jungle is full of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, lions, leopards, red hogs, giraffes, deer of many kinds, and birds of infinite variety, from the ostrich to the dove. In regard to the larger animals, nevertheless, it is a remarkable fact, that, abundant as they are in this part of Africa, they are not often seen by the traveller. Only a sportsman finds them; and in vain we seek in the narratives of Burton and Speke for any such perilous adventure with a lion as gives magic flavor to Livingstone's missionary record, or any such "bagging" of elephantine monsters as is set down in the exploits of the valiant Henry Shakespear. Wild animals keep out of the way of a party who go to measure heights and distances, and to make reports for the Royal Geographical Society.

The Wagogo tribe, inhabiting this third region, are adulterated from the genuine negro type by the mixture of other races, and show, as Captain Burton shrewdly remarks, by their variety of complexion, their slave-trading habit. Their women are comparatively handsome and well clad. The numbers of the tribe are large, and they are formidable to the surrounding tribes rather by the quantity of their force than by the quality of their valor. Their voices are alarmingly hoarse and strident, and the tone, even of the female sex, is arrogant and unmusical to a sensitive ear. They are the bullies of Eastern Africa, and profess unlimited contempt for most of the other races. The epithet, "sons of birds," which they apply to themselves, is simply a version of the Latin, "*semper parati*." Modesty is not one of their virtues, and honesty still less. When they cannot get tobacco by beggary, they steal it, and

no slave caravan passes through their land without leaving with them some of its human cattle. The exports of the country consist chiefly of salt and ivory. Ugogo is to Eastern Africa what Syracuse is to New York; and the trading traveller who falls into one of the thousand elephant pits finds to his sorrow that the price of tusks may be broken limbs in advance. Some ancient customs of this people, particularly that of human sacrifices, have happily disappeared; and a *fat man* may now traverse the territory without being mistaken for a deity, and without the penalty of death upon him on his failure to exercise miraculous power. No cannibal propensities are recorded of the tribe.

Ugogo is the land of terror to all the professional itinerants of Africa, and the utmost eloquence of the sable orators is spent in dissuading them from the transit. The phrases which Captain Burton quotes from these startling orations are not quite refined, but they are certainly vigorous. The valiant Kidogo charges his followers somewhat in the style, now becoming familiar, of the Southern disunionists,—“Speak not to those pagans; enter not into their houses; have no dealings with them; show no cloth, wire, nor beads; eat not with them, drink not with them, and make not love to their women.” And the party found reason to approve Kidogo’s system of non-intercourse. The custom of black-mail is here as thoroughly organized as in Southern Italy, and the daily trial is the payment of bribes and “duties.” The toll on an English turnpike could not be more regularly exacted than this annoying Ugogo “kuhonga.” To this leading grief of the road some minor griefs were added. Bloody strifes arose, and the commander was forced to “cool the bile” of his lieutenants with a “long pole.” The caravans which they met suspected them, and were ready for fight; fires broke out in the grass; old women, calling themselves princesses, were to be entertained and supplied with new raiment; the Sultan Magomba, a drivelling graybeard, inquisitive, tedious, and as skilful in expeccoration as a Yankee, was to be satisfied in his rapacious claims; deserters were to be punished; and forced marches had to supply the loss of time in the constant forced halts, which were anything but seasons of rest. The passage of the Fiery

Field, an awful desert of sand, rock, and thorny jungle, was made more fatiguing by the ever-deceiving mirage, and the days were as interminable as the nights were miserable. Encamping under the Jiwe la Mkoa, a huge sienite mass, rising to the height of two or three hundred feet above the plain, Captain Burton was enabled to deny for the night-season what Scripture asserts of the refreshing "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," at noontide. He found the stone too warm for comfort. It was like choosing an oven for a bed-chamber. All through the region these stone-hills abound, rising in the form of "lumpy domes." The normal state of the sultans of this region, who are as numerous as the princes of Germany, seems to be intoxication. It is a daily duty to get drunk, or, in the more polished court language, "to sit upon pombe." With such a condition, as might be presumed, it is not easy to persuade their lordships to attend to business.

From Tura to the Malagarazi River, the fourth stage of the journey, Captain Burton spent in the transit, including detentions, more than three months, leaving the eastern frontier in the last week of October and reaching the western in the first week of February. This region of Unyamwezi, by far the most interesting and important of those which the volume describes, has a diagonal breadth of 155 miles, and a nearly equal length from north to south. The name "Unyamwezi" means "Land of the Moon," though not a little controversy has arisen concerning its derivation. The general aspect of the region is that of a rolling table-land, without mountains, but dotted over with conical hills, huge boulders, and symmetrical mounds, made by the mould of decayed forests and insect-works. A fertile soil yields harvest sixty-fold to an easy culture. Villages cover the plains, and the flocks and herds scattered everywhere sustain a picture of perfect pastoral beauty. The contrast of this region to the "Fiery Field" of Ugogo is complete and reviving. The colors of the earth blend with the colors of the air to give contentment and repose; the shallow wells and pools contain water at once sufficient and healthy; rain, with terrific lightning and thunder, falls in torrents in the season of the monsoon; and sometimes even in the dry season there are showers from a clear sky. Though the gen-

eral climate is warm, so as to make much clothing by day unnecessary, yet in the summer nights a blanket is needed toward the break of day. East winds here, as in our New England, are the principal atmospheric plague, and are reckoned to be dangerous. Earthquakes often occur; and if the people interpret the weather by halos around the sun or moon, or hairy clouds or "sun-dogs," they must be weather-wise beyond all other prophets. The Unyamwezi boast of good air and good appetite is, nevertheless, somewhat lowered by the local fever which largely prevails. If the people get "fat," it by no means follows that the flesh is solid, or that the vaunted corpulence is the sign of robust health. Unyamwezi has all the varieties of wild animals of the regions already described, with many more of its own. Among these are some remarkable dog-headed apes, who frighten the women, fight the leopard, and brave the lion; the *mbega* monkey, the dandy of that race, who spends all his time in polishing his black skin and his white mane; and great packs of wild dogs, which howl, but never bark. There is no end to the species of birds, as well of those which wear fine feathers as of those which make fine music, birds which migrate and birds which have a permanent domicile. Of frogs the supply is large, and an American missionary by one of these streams would be gladdened in his loneliness by the "sounds from home" of these innumerable croakers. Locusts are here a plague, and leeches apply themselves without warning to imprudent bathers. No St. Patrick has cleared the land of serpents; but the few kinds that are met with are not dangerous except to rats. That species of insect which the Rev. Homer Wilbur would style a "*Cimex lectularius*" is highly prized in Unyamwezi. Its bite is a pleasant tickling, its odor a perfume, and the fracture of any bed-pole will cause showers of this insect-blessing to descend and swarm.

Two races of men inhabit this region, the Wakimbu and the Wanyamwezi. The first of these races are interlopers, who have come in and wrested or bought the soil from the original owners. They are good farmers, cunning traders, wear a cowskin fillet on the forehead, and are accustomed to tattoo the side of the face. The other race are the *autochthones*,

and are regarded by Captain Burton as, on the whole, the best race of all the East-African tribes. Their color is dark-brown, their hair long and curled, beard thin, stature tall, and corpulence is their normal condition. Julius Cæsar would have been satisfied with the round bodies of the Wanyamwezi. Both sexes dress somewhat sparingly, but greatly affect showy ornaments. With her huge wrist-rings, and her jingling ankle-bells, the Mnyamwezi matron comes near the joy of the good woman in the song, and can "have music wherever she goes." The man carries his goat's-horn bugle, like a Tyrolese hunter. The weapons of the people are numerous and ingenious,—barbed arrows, dwarf battle-axes, and a kind of double-edged knife, called *sime*, which rhymes easily with the *kime* of the India missionaries, on which Sydney Smith expended such a store of fun. The theory of Wanyamwezi education is summed up in the use of the bow and arrow, and children begin to learn this art when they are four years old.

Some customs of the Wanyamwezi are curious. When twins are born, one of them is invariably murdered. A man dying leaves his property, not to his lawful children, but to his illegitimate offspring, on the ground that, having fewer friends, these need it more. When girls get old enough to be married, they leave their father's houses, and go off into a separate community, where they can lead an independent life. This union of spinsters, however, do not observe all the vows of Christian convents, and the results of their seclusion are too often those which Rabelais discovered in cenobite life. When a corpse is buried, the head is turned toward the mother's village; this is the Mnyamwezi's Mecca and Jerusalem. The round huts of the people are rudely painted, and the door-posts sometimes queerly carved; and the cross appears here and there, though not as a religious symbol. Every village has its *Iwanza*, or public house, which is the chief national institution. In this the sexes do not mingle, but there is one building for the men and another for the women. The architecture of this hotel is less elaborate, and the furniture less gorgeous, than in similar establishments in New York or Boston; but the amount of comfort is quite as great, and there is, what these Christian hotels do not always have, an ample ventilation. A foot of

space is left all round beneath the eaves of the roof. The ornaments consist of hares' tails, goats' horns, and zebras' manes. The single bed occupies half the floor of the room, and is made by beams laid across forked trunks of trees. The guests sleep thereon, as Captain Burton phrases it, "like a litter of puppies," in the most promiscuous manner. The business here, as at Baden-Baden, is gambling, eating, drinking beer, smoking, gossiping, and sleeping. Everybody takes meals in the Iwanza, and comparatively few trouble themselves to cook at home. The dining-hour is three P. M. The bill of fare includes some dreadful dainties, to which even the *cuisine* of the Palais Royal has not yet arrived, and a Mnyamwezi epicure may call for a lion-steak, an elephant hash, a wild-cat cutlet, a sparerib of donkey, or some of the beetle stew. Eggs and poultry, however, are eschewed. Chewers, nevertheless, the Wanyamwezi certainly are, and when they cannot get tobacco, their favorite quid is a mouthful of *anthill clay*.

The Wanyamwezi are an undemonstrative race. Their words are interjections; their songs are monotonous; they make few pretensions; and they do not care to learn. They are indifferent farmers, respectable weavers, and most excellent porters. Indeed, the carrying-trade of this part of Africa is mainly in their hands. Each village is ruled by its sultan, whose power is absolute, and who claims the monopoly of several branches of industry. Slave-dealing is generally carried on, though only want induces them to sell members of their own households. The principal town in the region is Kazeh, which is to the "Land of the Moon" what Agades, Katsena, Kano, and Timbaktu are to the regions which Dr. Barth describes, a place of infinite noise, intolerable dust, and vexatious delays. Every traveller who has any self-respect will remain at least six weeks in this home of rest and commercial emporium. Captain Burton was constrained to follow that custom of the caravans; and he found more to endure than to see. His descriptions of aristocratic city life in this Moon Land are not fascinating. The richest classes have "nothing to wear," and the "diamond wedding" is simply a display of blue beads and brass wire. A "Prince's Ball" there would be a trying dispensation. The prices current of

the market exceed even those of State or Wall Streets. Trade, in its higher branches, is in the hands of the Arabs, who dwell at Kazeh in considerable numbers, and are decidedly the "Upper Ten" of the city. Some of these Arabs are accomplished gentlemen as well as wealthy merchants; and the "Shaykh Snay bin Amir," Captain Burton's gifted friend, might pass for the Roscoe of Eastern Africa. His knowledge of history and geography was equal to his skill in barter; and he could relate a legend, draw out a map, or complete a bargain, with charming facility. We regret that want of space compels us to pass over Captain Burton's most graphic description of a Wanyamwezi caravan on its march and in its haltings, by night and by day. A few things, however, are too good to be lost. What Dogberry wished to be written down, the Mnyamwezi porter boasts of himself, and starts on his day's tramp with shouts of "Phunda," *I am an ass*. The guide of the caravan wears a poncho of scarlet broadcloth, and arranges the beast's tail, which serves for a fly-flapper, so that it shall seem to perform for him the same office, and hold the same position, as when appended to its original wearer. The "parson" of the caravan is privileged to have most to eat, and to carry the lightest load. A favorite exclamation on approaching a village, even before the mince-pie comes on, is, "We see our mothers, we go to eat!" As Southern school-boys begin their acquaintance by a pitched battle, so two caravans meeting salute by "pitching in" to one another, and butting their heads together like rams. When the porters of a caravan sleep, they cover their *heads* under the matting, and leave their legs and feet exposed to the weather. *Eating* is the first, constant, and final subject of conversation, before politics, business, or personal scandal. "How and how long to dine," is the great and absorbing East-African question.

On the 4th of February, 1858, Captain Burton's party crossed the Malagarazi River, and entered upon the last stage of their journey, and on the 14th reached the shore of the Tanganyika Lake at Ujiji. The dimensions of this fifth region are about seventy miles from east to west, and one hundred and eight miles from north to south. The journey across this region usually occupies eight days, and is comparatively easy,

following, as it does, the valley and course of the river. This natural road, resembling in some respects the valley of the Nile, has a varying breadth of from one to five miles. The walls of the valley are either irregular ranges of hills, or perpendicular rock. The soil is exceedingly rich; the growth of vegetation is rank; copious rains fall for a third of the year; and the climate, though considered healthy by the natives, is one which a foreigner finds very uncomfortable. There are no less than six principal tribes inhabiting this region. The Wajiji are remarkable for their large stature, their hoarse voices, their cloth made of macerated tree-bark, in which the human mouth does the grinding, and which is more durable than one would suppose from such a style of fabric, and the very moderate raiment of the gentler sex, closely approaching the costume of Eve after the Temptation. One is struck, too, by the singular Wajiji custom of wearing pincers of iron or wood hanging from the neck. The use of these pincers is to close up the nostrils while the tobacco-juice is undergoing absorption in them. The Wajiji do not chew, or smoke, or take snuff, but carry a pot full of tobacco-juice, which they sniff upward as civilized men sniff *eau de Cologne*. Drunkenness among the people is a virtue. A father and son express their mutual affection by "scratching and picking each other," and when two men meet, instead of shaking hands, they *rub arms*. The people are fond of fighting, and their play is a sort of combat. They swim like fishes; paddle their hollow logs with marvellous dexterity; fish with drag-nets, hand-nets, hoop-nets, purse-nets, and hooks; and prefer to all other food the fish of the lake, waiting until it has become stale and rancid. The government is that of a sultan, under whom is the council of the elders. Captain Burton was not impressed with the dignity of this honorable board, and he stigmatizes them as a stupid, boisterous, and drunken set, greedy of presents and false to promises.

The bazaar of Ujiji seems to be more various in wares than any of the inland marts which Burton visited. Slaves and ivory are the chief of its merchandise. Intoxicating drinks have an important place. A string of beads six inches long buys half a dozen tea-cups of sour toddy. Blue glass beads

are the favorite currency, though pink porcelains, to use Burton's phrase, are "at par." Ujiji is comparatively an expensive place to live in, and the *mode* is very arbitrary and exacting. Unlike the growing Christian fashion, beard-wearing is out of favor there, and every trace of hair upon the lip or chin is carefully extracted.

Ujiji is the principal port of the Tanganyika Lake, one of the three great inland seas in this part of Africa. It is to be regretted that the ill health of Captain Burton, and the nearly total failure of his resources of travel, prevented the circumnavigation of this lake, or anything like a thorough exploration of its shores. He was unable to reach either end of the lake, and was forced to rely for much of his knowledge upon the conflicting and not always trustworthy native authorities. A preliminary excursion to the group of Kivira islands on the western side of the lake was made by Captain Speke, who furnished to Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1859, a lively account of his adventures. Subsequently, both the voyagers visited the large island of Ubwari, and the town of Uvira, a few miles from the northern outlet. The time occupied by these voyagers was nearly three months; and it was not until the 13th of May that the returning party reached Kawele, their place of embarkation, and could rejoice in their providential deliverance from shipwreck, famine, and the jaws of the anthropophagi. Navigation on the Tanganyika Lake, though simple enough in its means and appliances, is by no means safe; and the travellers seem to have reached, in this aquatic expedition, the climax of their experience of native dishonesty and inexpressible discomfort. Their ears were deafened by the sounds of constant strife, their eyes were blinded by the excessive glare, they were drenched by rains, soaked in leaking logs, beached on inhospitable shores, bumped against friendly boats, and cheated majestically by the mighty Sultan Kannena.

The details, nevertheless, which the travellers furnish concerning Lake Tanganyika are quite full and interesting. In shape it is a long oval, broadest at the southern extremity, and in dimensions about midway between Lake Erie and Lake Champlain. Its length is about 250 geographical miles, its

mean breadth about 20 miles, and its area about 5,000 square miles. The coast, for the whole distance of the circumference, about 550 miles, is deeply indented, and makes a serrated line of capes and bays, deeper or shallower as the case may be. Its elevation above the sea is 1,850 feet, and its depression below the surrounding table-land about 2,000. It is really a great trough in the mountains, and it drains a very wide extent of country. The water is pure, sweet to the taste, and but little adulterated by the sediment of the streams which empty into it. Its color is green around the shores, but blue at a little distance, which seems to confirm the Arab assertion of its great depth. The margin is lined with reeds, thick as those on the margin of the Mincio. Between this margin and the surrounding hills is a fertile plain, tolerably well cultivated, and rich in vegetation. The winds on the lake are regular; land and sea breezes alternate as on the Indian Ocean; and gales as violent frequently here occur. The waters abound in fish, and the capture of these is the principal branch of native industry. The boats are all canoes, hollowed from the trunks of trees, none very large, and are propelled by paddles, having neither masts nor sails. The style of paddling would hardly be approved by the judges of American regattas; and the paddles throw into the boat a large proportion of the water that they displace, so that bailing is as much a part of the waterman's duty as rowing, and the company huddled in the hollow are profusely and perpetually sprinkled. Rudder there is none, nor ornament of any kind, except black triangles upon the oars, which, it may be added, are constantly breaking. The vessels hug the shore, and few dare to venture out to sea except in the calmest of weather. Every inch of room is occupied, and the crowding exceeds even that of a California steamer. Even Arab traders, greedy of gain, dread the voyage in these crank and leaky vessels. The terrors of a voyage on the Tanganyika Lake are increased by the bad reputation of the tribes that inhabit its border. We may not here even catalogue the names of these mighty and terrible nations: Urundi, where lions roar, and the houses are built of rattan, and the monstrous negroes sculpture their faces in *alto rilievo*, and the priests wear long hoods of white grass;

Marungu, where the upper lip is trained to project from the face like the bill of a duck ; Ugoma, where the great trees grow which the little axes cut into canoes ; Uruwua, with its august Sultan Kiyombo ; Uvira, the great slave-mart, where children alone are sold, and adults have no price ; Ubembe, where the natives are not particular about their food, eating all kinds of carrion, worms, grubs, insects, and men, but preferring the last dish raw, unlike most cannibals ; Ubwari, on the island, where the women tie down their breasts with cords, and the men wear black stripes to imitate the tiger ; — these are only a few of the euphonious titles of the border nations on the great African sea. The wood-cuts of Captain Burton's volume help the reader to appreciate the style of beauty of these races, as well as the conveniences of navigation on this important watercourse.

On the 26th of May Captain Burton set out on his return march to the coast, which was more rapid, more cheerful, and less encumbered than the upward journey. In twenty-six days the party reached Kazeh, having averaged more than ten miles of daily march. There were few incidents on the route, and the most remarkable sight was the burning of the grass on the hill-sides, which suggests a poetical quotation from a Sanscrit bard. At Kazeh, another halt was made, to allow a journey northward to explore the great Lake Nyanza, one of the main objects of the expedition. Captain Burton found it impossible to go upon this second expedition, worn down as he was by his manifold hardships, and the complication of diseases under which he had long been laboring. He determined, therefore, to intrust this enterprise to his companion, and to remain in the African capital with his Arab host until his health should be at least partially restored. Slightly as he treats his companion's labors in this journey, we take leave to say that the narrative of Captain Speke, as published in Blackwood's Magazine for October and November, 1859, is a noble record of courage, perseverance, ability, and success, and is fully worthy to be joined to the narrative of the voyage on the Lake Tanganyika.

Captain Speke left Kazeh on his northward journey on the 10th of July, and reached it on his return on the 25th of

August, having in six weeks marched with his company 452 miles. The incidents of his journey might be condensed into an entertaining article, but we have room only for a brief statement of its results. The Lake Nyanza, which he patriotically christened "Victoria," lies between the first degree of north latitude and the third degree of south latitude, about 450 miles inland from the African coast. In shape it is a long oval, and its estimated length is about 250 miles, with a breadth of 80 miles. It is a high reservoir, being no less than 3,750 feet above the sea-level. The shores of the lake are low and flat, and the surrounding hills rise hardly high enough to claim the name of mountains. There are many islands in the lake, which are conjectured to be the tops of submerged hills. The water is very sweet and pure, varying in color from blue to white according to atmospheric reflection, but never becoming red or green. Numerous creeks and small streams empty into the lake, and from the south it receives the flow of one considerable river. The northern outlet is as yet unknown. Captain Speke believes it to be the primitive stream of the Nile, and makes out a fair *prima facie* conjectural case, which Captain Burton ridicules. The controversy can be settled only by further discoveries. But one thing is certain, that, if this lake be not the original Nile fountain, it cannot be far away from it, and that the beginnings of the mystic river, father of waters, must be found somewhere in this region. Neither Captain Burton nor Mr. Macqueen has prevailed, as it seems to us, to set aside all Captain Speke's arguments.

The races around the Lake Nyanza are savage and turbulent, poorly clad, very rapacious, and very deceitful. The Washaki, Warudi, Wasukuma, Wakerewe, and Wahumba, are all characterized by these epithets. Of the Wataturu even stronger language might be used. No African tribe seems to be nearer than this to the primitive wild state, where the men are always fighting and the women go wholly unclothed. The exceptional tribe of the region is the Wabinda, who are supposed to be descendants of foreign conquerors. This tribe is a sort of hereditary aristocracy. The sultans of the other tribes are taken from it. The physical development of its men, the color, the customs, and the character, are far superior to those

of the plebeian races. Whatever lack of polish there may be in their manners is made up by the shining glow which is given forth from their smooth and anointed skins.

Though there are several large islands in the Lake Nyanza, the amount of traffic upon it is far less than on the Lake Tanganyika, and the few canoes are small and of wretched construction. Many fish are taken, only two kinds of which, however, Captain Speke was able to see. Crocodiles are not rare, mosquitoes fill the air and cover every green thing with their swarms, and the elephants are finer than in any part of the world. Captain Speke, notwithstanding, skilful and experienced in sport as he was, was mortified at the small quantity of game he was able to secure. He saw all around signs that zebras, quaggas, ostriches, and rhinoceroses might be "bagged," but none of them crossed his path.

One or two features of Captain Speke's return journey to Kazeh were remarkable. At Mgogwa, the half-way station, he saw a brilliant military review of all the troops of the Sultan Kurna, in which, if less powder was burned than in a field-day on the Paris *Champ de Mars*, there was far more animation, shouting, and amazing agility, and more grotesque uniform than any colors of the Zouaves. In the evening here, he saw processions of men and women possessed by the Devil, who have a habit of visiting all the houses, and summoning the owners to join them. The Sultan was constrained to fall in with the madness, and to follow the company, going through with its frantic gestures. He describes the process of brewing pombe, as he saw it going on in the open street; but the liquor itself is not to his taste, and he speaks of it as a kind of *pig-wash*. All along his way he found a dense population and great herds of cattle, a very agreeable climate, cool nights, few insects, plenty to eat, and plenty to drink. In one place, he heard an old man speak of a region where the coffee-plant grows, and where they make coffee-cakes and coffee-porridge; and he thinks that the region is well adapted to the culture of cotton. The parting suggestions to the missionaries are judicious.

We must pass over the details of the journey down from Kazeh to the coast, which occupied somewhat more than four

months. In the latter part of the way, the route was varied from the ascending route, and the party struck across from the Kingani River directly to Konduchi on the coast, a point some fifty miles farther south than Kaole, the starting-point. The party started in excellent health and spirits, which the fatigues of journeying, however, soon reduced. The only new tribe described on this route is the Warori, a small, shrivelled black race, who feed on dog's flesh, and have such power of abstinence that they can go without food for six days and without drink for twenty-four hours. The business of this tribe is plundering their neighbors and selling slaves. They take black-mail from all caravans which pass through their territory.

Captain Burton's narrative is supplemented by two comprehensive and remarkable chapters, one on the "Village Life in East Africa," the statements of which have to some extent been anticipated in the *journal de voyage*, and the other on the "Character and Religion of the East Africans; their Government, and Slavery." A few facts taken from this chapter shall close our rambling review.

The character of the East African appears to be an embryo of the two superior races, with the defects of both races and the excellences of neither. He is selfish, sensual, improvident, without confidence, without gratitude, and with no desire for improvement. He cheats, and he expects to be cheated. He is hard-hearted, vindictive, impatient, and fickle. He cries and laughs with equal fury, and does everything in extremes. He is at once pugnacious and cowardly, fond of excitement, and moved by the most trifling terrors. Though he is afraid to die, he will not think of death. He has little real affection, values his wife and children as marketable commodities, and casts off his relations without compunction. Woman he regards as hopelessly inferior. The great end of his life is eating; and his highest joy is in intoxication. While he is a slave to tradition, routine, and habit, he has no reverence for law and no respect for truth. He is shamelessly indifferent to the first principles of courtesy, insults his guests without scruple, and treats friend and foe with the same rudeness. He is a keen observer, but a bad contriver; with a quick ear for

musical sounds, but no capacity for harmonious combinations. He is lithe and yet awkward, active and yet indolent, with great power of endurance and yet easily exhausted. His language is highly artificial, yet has no fulness, nor even the rudiments of a literature; and with all his loquacity, he has no legends to relate, no eloquence in discoursing, and no metrical songs. With abundance of laughter, he has no humor; and all his monotonous wailing is without any sign of genuine grief.

The religion of the East African is *fetichism*. He worships the objects of nature, not as symbols of an idea, but from superstitious fear of these objects themselves. Though he has no faith in God, or in heaven, or in hell, he believes in spectres, trembles before disembodied spirits, carries food to the graveyards for the *manes* of the departed, and dreads the influence of the moon and the sun. His only temples are the dwarf huts which he builds for the ghosts. His only worship is the practice of magic. He has no sacred day, and no sacred feast. His sacred man is the Mganga,—the doctor, the rain-maker, the prophet,—who ranks in honor with the sultan, and has over the minds of the common people almost unlimited power. In the healing art, most of the practices of the Mganga are barefaced impostures, yet in some instances he knows how to employ efficient and ingenious remedies. As a detector of magic, his methods are even worse than the ordeals of Christian feudalism. His predictions of weather are not without shrewdness, and frequent successes establish his universal reputation. He uses in his divinations the rattle, the tripod, the bunch of gourds, and the vessel of water. He has the best place at feasts, his mark secures ivory for its owner, he protects by his charm the leader of the caravan, and he throws the first spear in the elephant hunt. He is the centre of all the knowledge and all the authority which the people can conceive as belonging to spiritual rank.

The government of the East-African tribes is either despotic or semi-monarchical. In the despotisms, all except the magicians are slaves to the sultan. The men are his soldiers, and the women are for his unlimited use. He must be approached with the most abject reverence, and no objection may

be taken to his decrees. He can sell his subjects, command at any time their labor, refuse all payment, and make his will their law. His rule is from inheritance, and the master of the tribe is usually the scion of its ancient kings. The despot keeps a proud and haughty bearing, and disdains to render a reason for his acts. He remembers, however, his dignity in his profligacy, and in drunkenness makes still evident his royal right. No subject may take the king's name, under penalty of death.

The semi-monarchical tribes have a sultan, whose power is limited by the elders and chiefs who form his council. Sometimes he is but little more than a cipher, and often he has no more independent influence than the royal family of England. The aristocracy of these states is not, it may be said, well organized, and is perpetually shifting; and yet there are no republican elements or tendencies. The Lords and Commons are strangely confused, and no popular leader brings a Reform Bill into the councils. The legal code is simple, and requires no class to interpret it. Murder must be atoned for by blood or blood-money; slavery is the penalty for unpaid debt; and the thief risks only the pursuit and vengeance of the man he has robbed. Society does not care for individual wrong, and there are no well-recognized social duties. The revenues of the state are raised by black-mail, fines, plunder of other tribes, and the sale of slaves.

The great fact and the great moral, social, and political feature of East-African life is the *slave-trade*. All the tribes practise it, and none have any sense that it is an evil or a sin. There is no distinction of persons, ages, or sexes in this traffic, and no regard for human rights. The tribes sell to each other, and they sell to foreigners. Every caravan to the coast carries this merchandise along with its ivory, and leaves much of it with the tribes through which it passes. This is the main object of the wars, and this is the sure result of the treaties. The strong make slaves of the weak, the victor makes slaves of the vanquished, and, in case of need, the father makes slaves of his children or the husband of his wives. Emancipation is obtained in one of two ways, either by the flight of the slave, or by the neglect of the master. The fidelity of the slave popu-

lation cannot be counted upon, and their morals are frightful. They are exported from the coast to the island of Zanzibar at the rate of fourteen thousand annually, whence they are shipped to foreign ports. The price of slaves in the markets of Zanzibar might excite the cupidity of our Western slave-traders. Prime boys sell for from fifteen to thirty dollars; prime men for from thirteen to twenty dollars; and young women realize to their owners from twenty-five to forty dollars. They pay a dollar a head of duty when brought from the interior, and two dollars a head when taken from the coast region. In Captain Burton's forthcoming work on Zanzibar we may expect more ample information concerning this revolting traffic; but he has given enough already to show his estimate of its moral tendency. It is the fixed curse, which has thus far defied all the efforts of Christian teachers and all the precautions of blockading squadrons. Only distance from the slave-consuming nations of the Western world prevents it from being tenfold increased. More than anything else, it fastens the tribes of East Africa in their degradation.

We have no room even for a notice of Captain Speke's sketches of his adventures in the Somali Land, that portion of African territory which lies south of Abyssinia and Soudan, and opposite to the Arabian coast of Aden. This has not as yet been satisfactorily explored. Only "first footsteps" have been taken in Harar, and we yet wait for more thorough revelations of the interior of this region. Much may be hoped from the expedition recently organized to search for the sources of the Nile; and if the next five years are as fruitful in results as the last five years have been, the African continent will be as well known as the Asiatic or the American. Such works as those of Livingstone and Burton are an immense and an invaluable addition to the stock of human knowledge, and not only make science glad, but modify the vague and unprofitable zeal which would send the Gospel of Heaven and salvation to those who are ignorant of the beginnings of comfort, order, and decency on earth. The inevitable conclusion from all these works on Africa is, — first civilization, and then conversion.